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THE IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS

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# SECOND READER

BY

A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH

AUTHOR OF "THE IDEAL SOUND EXEMPLIFIER"

"THE IDEAL CATHOLIC PRIMER," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1915

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## PREFACE

EXPERIENCE proves that little children are naturally interested in stories. This may be seen in the home circle, when all the little ones flock around the father or the mother to hear an oft-told tale; or in the class-room, when the teacher begins to tell a story; or, a little later, when the child can read a story for himself.

With this firm conviction, the author has adapted some of the best juvenile stories for *The Ideal Catholic Second Reader*. These and the original stories have been carefully graded; and are arranged so as to arouse and develop the various activities of the child. They are made up, first of all, of simple narratives of some of the chief events in the life of our Blessed Lord, and other lessons of a religious nature. These are interspersed with a number of excellent poems, fascinating rhymes, interesting fables, fairy tales, stories of animals, nature studies, and various experiences of children of other days.

All these lessons serve to develop the true, the beautiful, and the good, in the nature of the child. They fill his young mind with noble and elevating thoughts which must necessarily help to mould aright his character.

Many of the lessons, moreover, lend themselves to dramatization, reproduction, and conversations,—excellent means of determining whether or not the child has grasped the meaning which the lesson conveys.



The Phonic Drills found throughout this reader are a continuation of the work given in the primer and the first reader of this series; and they are to be used as a means to an end.

Some of the stories in *The Ideal Catholic Second Reader* have appeared within recent years in the religious press of our country. But each one of them has been entirely rewritten, so as to bring it down to the level of little children of the second grade.

For permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is made to the Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Headstrong Turkey" by Phoebe Cary; to Small, Maynard & Company for "A Little Child's Prayer," "Out of Bounds," "The Boot, the Shoe, and the Slipper," by the Rev. John B. Tabb; to Charles Scribner's Sons for the use of "Bed in Summer" by Robert L. Stevenson; to Little, Brown & Company for the "Spring Song" by Denis A. McCarthy; to the George H. Doran Company for "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer; to the Devon-Adair Company for "The King's Highway" by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; to Katherine E. Conway for the use of her poem, "A Brave Man's Hope"; to the "Queen's Work" for "A Christmas Gift" by John Francis Quinn, S.J.

S. S. J.

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FOR THE GREATER  
HONOR AND GLORY  
OF GOD



*Plockhörn*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

## GOD'S LIGHT

eight      moon      burning      wonderful

It was eight o'clock, and little Clare was going to bed.

Her mamma had just put out the lights, and was about to go downstairs.

Little Clare, you know, did not like to be in the dark.

Just then she saw the bright moon in the sky.

She said to her mamma: "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Clare; the moon and the stars are all God's light."

"Will God blow out His light, and go to sleep, mamma?"

“Oh, no, my dear child; God’s wonderful light is always burning, and God never sleeps.”

“Oh, then, mamma,” said Clare, “I will never again be afraid.”

ADAPTED

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

morn self another  
I prayed to Jesus, oh, so hard,  
To bring me Christmas morn  
A little baby brother, like  
Himself when He was born.

But Christmas came, and Jesus said:—

“I cannot find another,  
And so I’ve come My very Self  
To be your little brother.”

JOHN FRANCIS QUINN, S.J.



## A CHRISTMAS CRIB

crib      ago      only

One cold Christmas day, some years ago, little Fred and his mother went to church, to see the Baby Jesus in the crib.

Fred was only five years of age.

He had never seen a Christmas crib.



As soon as he saw it, he said: "Oh, mamma! mamma! See the little Baby! Is that the little Jesus?"

"Yes, my child; but you must not talk in the church."

While Fred's mother was praying at the crib, a great many thoughts came into the little boy's mind.

That night after supper, Fred went to his mother and said: "Oh, please, mamma, tell me about the Baby Jesus we saw in the crib."

gates      donkey      Virgin

Fred's mother was only too happy to tell her child about the Savior.

"The Baby Jesus, that you saw in the

crib to-day, Fred, was born on Christmas day, a great many years ago."

"Mamma, what were the cow and the donkey doing near the crib?"

"The little Jesus was born in a stable, where the cow and the donkey used to sleep. That is why they are near the crib."

"Why was the Baby Jesus born in a stable, mamma? Did He not have a house?"

"St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin had to go to Bethlehem. When they got there, they could find no house in which to stay. That is why they had to go to a stable."

"Did the little Jesus have a bed?"

"The little Jesus had no warm bed.

But His dear Mother did all she could to keep Him warm."

"Mamma, who was the man with the little lamb in his arms?"

"That man, Fred, was a shepherd."

"Why did he have the little lamb in his arms, mamma?"

"The lamb, my dear, was sick, and could not walk. So the shepherd brought him in his arms to see the little Jesus."

"Who were the three big men with very queer hats, mamma?"

"They were the three Wise Men."

"Where did they come from, mamma?"

"They came from a far-away country."

"How long did the Blessed Virgin

and St. Joseph have to live in a stable,  
mamma ? ”

“ Only a short time, my child.”

“ Mamma, will you please take me to see  
the crib some other time ? I want to  
tell the little Jesus something.”

#### PHONIC DRILL

load	break	cast	bee
road	steak	fast	fee
toad		last	see
	deal	mast	flee
gift	heal	past	free
lift	meal	vast	glee
sift	seal	blast	knee
drift	zeal		thee
swift	squeal	mice	three
thrift	steal	nice	tree
		rice	
raise	grew	price	suit
praise	threw	twice	fruit



# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

been      Riding      Hood      truly

Once upon a time, there was a little girl whose grandma loved her dearly.

The little girl's name was Rose.

When she was six years old, her grandma gave her a pretty red hood.

The first time that she wore the red hood, all her little friends called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, Rose's mother said to her: "I want you to take these good things to grandma. She is not well."

"Oh, yes, mamma; I shall be happy to do so."

"Now, my dear, you must not stop to

talk to any one on the way. Just say ‘Good morning,’ and go right on.”

Little Red Riding Hood was now truly happy.

She always liked to go to see her dear grandma, who lived in a red house about a mile away.

yellow      wolf      woods      hungry

While Little Red Riding Hood was going along the road, she saw some pretty yellow flowers.

“I will pick some of these for grandma,” she said to herself.

“It will not take me long, and I am sure that she will like them.”

As Little Red Riding Hood was

picking the yellow flowers, a big hungry-looking wolf came out of the woods near by, and said to her: "Good morning, my dear. What is your name?"

"My name, Mr. Wolf, is Little Red Riding Hood."



"Where are you going, my dear?"

"I am going to my grandma's."

"And where does your grandma live?"

"She lives in a little red house on the other side of the woods."



“Good-by, Little Red Riding Hood.”

“Good-by, Mr. Wolf.”

When the wolf had left her, Little Red Riding Hood thought of what her mother had told her.

She did not pick any more of the pretty yellow flowers, but went along as quickly as she could.

The big wolf got to grandma's house first.

When he knocked at the door, grandma said: “Who is there?”

“It is your Little Red Riding Hood, grandma,” said the wolf.

“Lift up the latch, my dear; and come in.”

The wolf did as he was told.

Then he walked into the room where grandma was in bed.

The wolf was very hungry. So he jumped upon grandma, and ate her up.

Then the wolf put on grandma's nightcap, and went to bed.



He knew that Little Red Riding Hood was coming soon.

Before long, she knocked at grandma's door.

“Who is there?” said the wolf.

“It is your Little Red Riding Hood, grandma. I have come to see you.”

“Lift up the latch and come in, my dear,” said the wolf.

“I have brought you some good things to eat, grandma, and some pretty yellow flowers.”

Little Red Riding Hood could not see very well. The room was dark.

She thought that her grandma looked very strange.

“Oh, grandma! grandma! What big ears you have!”

“The better to hear you, my dear.”

“Oh, grandma! grandma! What big eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“Oh, grandma! grandma! What a big mouth, and what long teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you up,” said the wolf.

Then he jumped out of bed, and ran after Little Red Riding Hood.

Just then two strong men ran into the house, and killed the wolf.

They took the little girl back to her good mother, and told her what the hungry wolf had done.

The mother thanked the men for having saved her little girl.

ADAPTED



SPARROWS

*Lutz*

## WHY THE BIRDS SING

understand      window      breakfast

Last summer, little John White spent ten weeks in the country with his grandpa and his grandma.

Like every little boy, he saw a great many things that he did not understand.

One morning, John got up very early.

But the little birds were up before him.

They were singing on the tree near his window.

When grandpa got up, little John ran to him and said: "Grandpa, why do the birds sing so early in the morning, before they have their breakfast?"

“Now, John, don’t you say your morning prayers before breakfast?”

“Yes, grandpa; I do.”

“That is what the little birds do, when they sing early in the morning. They praise God in their way.”

#### PHONIC DRILL

car	large	arm	dance
far	charge	farm	lance
jar		harm	chance
star	ark	charm	France
	bark		glance
arch	dark	art	
March	mark	part	ant
starch	park	chart	pant
	shark	smart	chant
card	spark	start	grant
hard			
lard	barn	calm	ask
yard	darn	palm	mask
guard	yarn	psalm	task

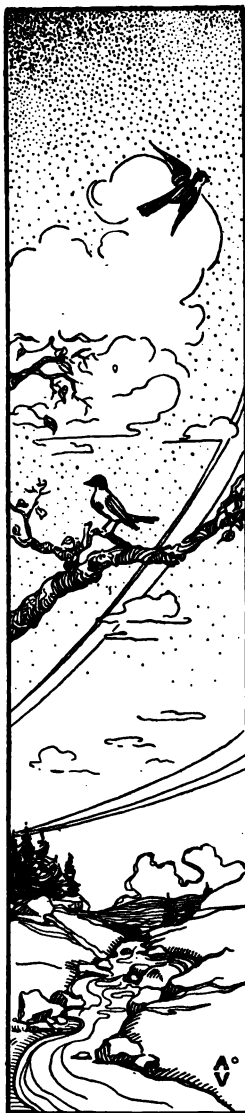
# THE BIRD'S PRAYER

homage      tones

“Pretty little song bird,  
Happy as a king,  
Will you tell me truly  
Why is it you sing?”

“Early in the morning,  
At the break of day,  
High up in the blue sky,  
In sweet tones I pray.

“I praise God the Father  
Every time I sing;  
I then pay my homage  
To the Great High King.”





# THE MOUSE AND THE LION

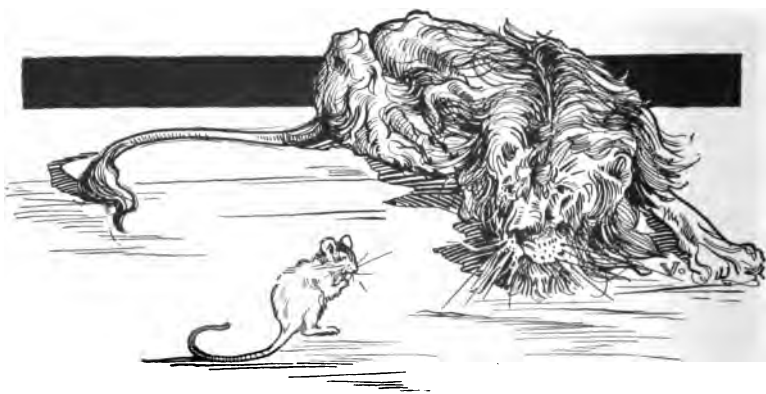
thankful      lion      gnaw      move  
happened

Once upon a time, a little mouse went into the den of a big lion.

The lion was fast asleep, and his den was dark.

The mouse happened to run over the lion's face, and woke him up.

Just as the lion was about to kill



him, the little mouse said: "Oh, please do not kill me, Mr. Lion."

"Why did you come in here, little mouse? Did you not know that it was my house?"

"If I had known it, Mr. Lion, I would not have come in."

"You may go, little mouse."

"I am very thankful to you, Mr. Lion. I will always be your friend."

Some weeks after this, the lion happened to be walking through the woods.

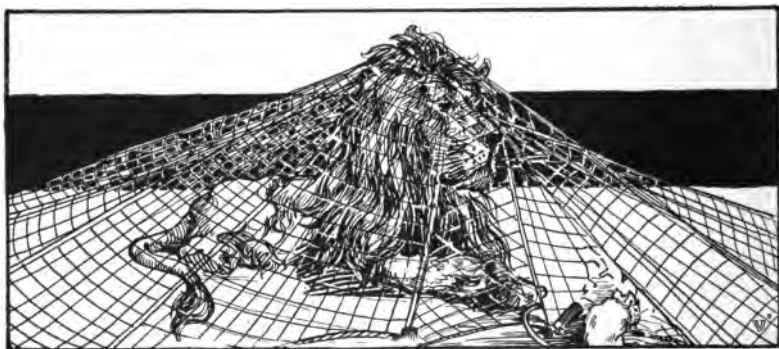
He did not see the net which had been set for him. So he walked right into it.

When the lion found that he could not get out of the net, he cried out so

loudly that his little friend away off in a field heard him.

The mouse ran at once to see what was wrong.

He found the big lion caught in a net.



“I see you are caught, Mr. Lion.”

“Yes,” said the lion; “and I cannot get out.”

“Don’t be afraid, Mr. Lion, I will get you out.”

“What can a tiny thing like you do?”

“We shall see, Mr. Lion. Now do not move till I gnaw the net with my teeth.”

In a little while, the mouse had gnawed a large hole in the net.

Then the lion worked his way out.

“Oh, what a dear little thing you are!” said the lion.

“I was only too happy to help you, Mr. Lion.”

“Come to me when you want anything, little mouse, and I will give it to you.

“Good-by, my little friend.”

ADAPTED

## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty!

Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride;  
From every mountain side  
Let Freedom ring.

My native country! thee —  
Land of the noble free —  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Our fathers' God! To Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH

## AN HONEST BOY

gentleman mistaken dropped honest

Fred Green, the oldest of six children, was looking for work one day.

While walking down Summer Street, he saw a gentleman drop some money.

Fred picked it up, ran after the gentleman, and said to him: "You dropped this money, sir."



"You must be mistaken, my boy."

“Oh, no, sir,” said Fred; “I saw the money drop from your hand when you paid the hackman.”

“Why, that was a few streets back,” said the gentleman. “Has your mother much money, my good boy?”

“She has very little, sir. . That is why I am looking for work. My father is dead, and I am the oldest of six children.”

“Why did you not keep the money you found?” said the gentleman.

“Because that money is yours, sir, and not mine. I should like to earn some money, but I will not steal it.”

Then the gentleman thanked Fred, and asked him where he lived.

A few weeks later, he called at Fred's house, and told him that he had work for him in a bank.

"I am very thankful to you, sir," said Fred. "You are very kind."

"You need not thank me, Fred. You are just the kind of a boy that I have been looking for.

"You are honest; you are manly; you are thoughtful; and you are willing to work to help your mother."

ADAPTED

briny      ocean      limbs      motion

Jack and Jim went for a swim

Into the briny ocean.

A wave struck Jack upon the back,

And set his limbs in motion.



## BED IN SUMMER

winter      grown-up      people      clear  
candle

In winter I get up at night,  
And dress by yellow candle light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT L. STEVENSON

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

## Abraham Lincoln stories

Many years ago, there lived a little boy named Abraham Lincoln.

He was born in a log house in the country.

There were no other little boys or girls living near him.



As a boy, Abraham liked to roam about the fields and the woods, and pick pretty wild flowers for his mother.

Like all children, he was fond of stories.

Mrs. Lincoln taught her boy how to read, to write, and to spell.

Abraham never forgot what his good mother said to him one day.

These are her words: "Mother wants her little boy always to speak the truth, and to be kind to every one."

As a boy and as a man, Abraham worked very hard.

In later years, he became one of the greatest men of our country, and the people made him their President.

# WHAT DOES THE BEE DO ?

honey

What does the bee do ?

Bring home honey.

What does father do ?

Bring home money.

And what does mother do ?

Lay out the money.

And what does baby do ?

Eat up the honey.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

## PHONIC DRILL

hear	bore	act	lest
rear	sore	fact	test
tear	tore	tact	vest
year	score		west
clear	shore	cue	chest
spear	swore	due	guest



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

*Ploekhōrst*

## THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

soldiers	Egypt	death
wicked	Herod	short

One cold winter night about eight o'clock, Mrs. Brown and her children were sitting around the table.

Like all boys and girls, these children liked to hear stories.

“Mamma,” said Alice, “will you please tell us the story of the Angel and St. Joseph?”

“Yes, mamma; we should like to hear it,” they all said.

“Very well, my dears, I will tell it to you.”

A short time after the Baby Jesus

was born in the stable at Bethlehem, a wicked king, called Herod, wanted to put Him to death.

King Herod told his soldiers to go through the country the next day, and kill all the little boys under two years of age.

By doing this, Herod thought that he would surely kill the little Jesus.

But the night before, a good angel came to St. Joseph while he was fast asleep.

The angel told him to take the Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother, and to go into the land of Egypt; for the wicked King Herod wished to put the divine Savior to death.

family      enough      angry      infant  
support

Egypt was far away. It was hard to get there. But St. Joseph wanted to save the divine Infant at any cost.

When he reached the land of Egypt, he did not know any one.

It was not easy to get work.

At first, no one was willing to help him. But after a while, St. Joseph earned enough to support the Holy Family.

When King Herod heard that the Infant Savior had left the country, he was angry.

The very One that he wished to kill



was safe in the land of Egypt.

Soon after this, King Herod died.

Then the angel told St. Joseph to go back to his own country.

This was good news for the Holy Family.

#### PHONIC DRILL

weigh	gain	team	deed
sleigh	main	cream	feed
	pain	dream	heed
eight	vain	gleam	need
weight	brain	scream	reed
freight	drain	stream	seed
	plain		weed
bead	Spain	bean	bleed
lead	stain	lean	creed
read		mean	greed
knead	dulse	wean	speed
plead	pulse	clean	steed

# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

given · foolish    beanstalk    believe

Once upon a time, there lived a little boy whose name was Jack.

He lived with his mother in a little yellow house away out in the country.

Since his father died, they were getting poorer and poorer, day by day.

Now they had but one cow left.

One Friday morning, Jack's mother said to him: "We must sell our cow."

"Sell our good cow, mother?" said Jack.

"Yes, Jack; we have no money to buy bread. We cannot get along without something to eat. There is only

one thing left for us to do, and that is to sell our cow."

Jack tied a rope round the cow's neck, and started off to town.



On his way to town, Jack met a man with a bag of big yellow beans.

"Where are you going with the cow, my boy?" said the man.

"I am going to town to sell her, sir."

“Now, my boy,” said the man, “I have some wonderful beans in my bag. I will give you every one of them for your cow.”

“What good are the beans to me?” said Jack.

“If you plant them, you will be rich in a short time.”

Jack wanted to be rich. So he took the bag of big yellow beans, and gave the man his cow.

“Oh, what fine beans these are!” he said when he looked at them.

Then Jack ran home as fast as he could.

When his mother saw what Jack had done, she was very angry.

“Oh, mother, when these beans grow, we will become rich at once. The man said so.”

“Oh, you foolish boy, why did you believe that wicked man?”

The mother then took all the beans and threw them out of the window.

“Oh, Jack! Jack! What shall we do?” she said.

Jack now felt very sad. He did not know what to do or to say.

At last, he began to think how foolish he had been.

“You had better go to bed,” said his mother. “I have no supper to give you.”

At the thought of having to go to

bed without his supper, Jack began to cry. He was very, very hungry.

Hungry as he was, he soon fell asleep.

The next morning, he awoke very early. The first thing he did was to look out of the window, to see if the beans were still in the yard.

“Oh! see the beans!” he said to himself. “They have grown during the night!”

The stalks were as big as trees, and they reached up to the sky.

Then Jack ran downstairs and said:

“Oh, mother! mother! See the tall beanstalks. They grew from the big yellow beans which you threw out of the window last night.”

“They are truly wonderful, my boy.”

“I told you that they were wonderful beans, but you did not believe it, mother,” said Jack.

“But what good are they to us?” she asked.

“We shall see, mother.”



Jack began to climb the beanstalk. Up and up he went until he reached the top.

fairy      giant      blood      golden  
followed      pocket      Englishman

Jack found himself in a very strange country. He began to walk around the place. Soon he came to the giant's house.

When Mrs. Giant saw Jack, she said: "Run away! Run home! as fast as you can! A big giant lives here! If he sees you, he will kill you!"

"Listen! listen! He is coming! Get in here! Get in here!"

Just then the giant walked into the room.

He seemed very angry.

He looked all around, but he did not see Jack.



“Who is here?” he said.

“Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I’ll have his bones to make my bread.”

“Why, Mr. Giant, there is no Englishman here. You smell the meat that you are going to have for supper.”

After eating his supper, the giant called for his wonderful hen.

Mrs. Giant brought him the hen.

Then Jack peeped out of his hiding place. He could see the wonderful hen laying the golden eggs.

“I should like to get that wonderful hen,” said Jack to himself. “That is my father’s hen. How can I get her?”

“I know what I shall do. I will wait till the giant is fast asleep. Then I will take the hen, and run home.”

After the wonderful hen had laid many golden eggs, the giant put them into his pocket. Then he fell sound asleep.

Jack jumped out of his hiding place, caught the wonderful hen, and ran away with her.

While running through the room, he happened to knock down a chair.

This woke the giant in time to see Jack running away with the hen.

Up he jumped and ran after Jack as fast as he could. Down the beanstalk ran Jack followed by the giant.

When Jack reached the ground, he got a big ax and cut the beanstalk.

Down fell the great giant on his head never to get up again.



When Jack's mother came into the house, and saw her boy with the wonderful hen, she said to him, "Oh, Jack! where did you find our hen? How did you know that she was ours?"

"When I got to the top of the beanstalk, mother, I met a fairy who told

me about the big giant that killed my father and took away his wonderful hen.

“Then she told me where the giant lived. So I went to his house to get the hen.”

ADAPTED

PHONIC DRILL

balk	all	aught	jaw
talk	ball	caught	law
walk	call	naught	paw
chalk	fall	taught	raw
stalk	gall		saw
	hall	dawn	claw
halt	pall	lawn	draw
malt	tall	yawn	flaw
salt	wall	drawn	gnaw
	small		squaw
warm	stall	crawl	straw
swarm	squall	shawl	thaw

## THE BUSY BEE

tuneful      fragrant      prize      bitter  
busy      combs      envy

In summer time, the busy bee  
Works all the livelong day;  
And while he flies from flower to flower,  
He hums a tuneful lay.

He stores away the honey sweet  
He gets from fragrant flowers,  
In honeycombs of golden wax  
To use in winter hours.

I envy you, O busy bee,  
You are so very wise;  
You take what's sweet from ev'ry  
flower, —  
The bitter you don't prize.



*Hofmann*

JESUS WITH THE DOCTORS

## THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS

return    Nazareth    Jerusalem    temple  
electric    questions    neither

When St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the Infant Savior came back from Egypt, they did not return to Bethlehem.

They went to live at Nazareth.

St. Joseph, you know, was a carpenter ; and the Child Jesus helped him in his workshop.

The little Jesus was a very good Boy.

Every one loved Him, because He was so kind and so good to all.

He never said an unkind word ; He never did an unkind act.

His Blessed Mother taught Him to

say His prayers as well as to read and to write.

When Jesus was twelve years of age, St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin took Him to Jerusalem.

They went there to take part in a great feast.

At that time, there were neither trains nor electric cars.

So the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Child Jesus walked with the other people from Nazareth to Jerusalem.

After staying in Jerusalem for a few days, they started for their home in Nazareth.

On their way back, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph missed the Boy Jesus.



So they returned to Jerusalem, and looked everywhere for Him.

After some time they found Him in the temple, talking with the priests and asking them questions.

Jesus then returned to His home in Nazareth.

There He stayed until He was about thirty years of age.

Then He began to preach the Word of God to the people.

return	prepare	content	across
regain	prevent	contain	along
remain	prefix	conceal	around
retold	prepay	confine	ago
recall	prefer	confound	apart
remind	pretend	contend	away
recover	pretext	confirm	awoke

# TREES

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by men<sup>1</sup> like me,

But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER

<sup>1</sup> The word used in the original is *fools*.

# THE BOY AND THE WOODCHUCK

wrist      cooky      butter      woodchuck

Little brother John was very sick one day, and the doctor had just come.

John could hear his mother saying to the doctor: "I cannot make that boy take his milk. He does not drink it when he is well. What shall I do with him?"

The doctor, who was a kind old gentleman, said: "Do not give him anything to eat. Then, when he is hungry, he will be sure to drink the milk."

After saying this, the doctor went into John's room.

“How do you feel this morning, my little man?” he said, taking John’s wrist in his cool hand.



“I have had nothing to eat, doctor; and I cannot drink milk.

“May I have a cooky, please?”

“No.”

“May I have some bread and butter?”

“No.”

“Why not, doctor?”

“Because milk is better for you.”

“But I told you, doctor, that I cannot drink milk.”

“I think you can if you try, my little man. Listen to this story.”

hole            towards            carry

There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a big hole with his mother.

He did not care for work; but he did like to run about in the sunshine.

At the other side of the field where he lived, there was a tall tree.

One morning the little woodchuck's mother said to him: “To-day, you must learn to climb that tall tree over there.

I cannot always be here to take care of you."

The little woodchuck looked at the tall tree and said: "I cannot climb that tree, mother."

The next morning his mother said again: "To-day you surely must climb that tree."

Once more, the little woodchuck said: "I cannot do it, mother."

It was not very long before the mother happened to go to see a sick friend.

The little woodchuck went out in the field to have a good time.

While playing in the sunshine, he heard a bark.

Looking around, he saw a big dog running towards him.

The little woodchuck ran as fast as he could. But the dog ran much faster. He was coming nearer and nearer.

The little woodchuck did not know just what to do. Then he saw a tall tree.

“Dear me,” he said; “if I could only climb that tree, I could get away from the dog. I should have learned to climb when my mother told me.”

The big dog was very near him now.

“I must try to run up that tall tree; I must do it now,” said the woodchuck. “If I don’t, the dog will surely catch me. There is no time to be lost.”

Up that tall tree the little wood-

chuck climbed, up, up, up, till the dog could not reach him.



“You see, then, John, that the little woodchuck had to climb that tall tree to save his life.”

When brother John was alone in his room, he thought of the story which the doctor had told him.

“Can’t I drink that milk as well as



the woodchuck climbed the tree?" he said to himself.

"If I don't drink it, I shall surely die. That is what mother said."

There was a glass of milk on the table near John's bed.

He took it in his hand, and looked at it for a while.



"I will try to drink it," he said.

In a short time, there was no milk in the glass. What had become of it?

At three o'clock, John's mother came into the room. She saw that there was no milk in the glass.

"Did the doctor drink the milk, my boy?" she said to John.

"No, mamma; I drank it."

ADAPTED

PHONIC DRILL

oil	coin	loud	bound
boil	join	cloud	found
soil		proud	hound
toil	joint		mound
broil	point	down	pound
spoil		gown	round
	boy	town	sound
voice	joy	brown	wound
choice	toy	clown	ground
		crown	
noise	hoist	drown	count
poise	moist	frown	mount

## A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER

polite      son

Make me, dear Lord, polite and kind  
To every one, I pray;  
And may I ask You how You find  
Yourself, dear Lord, to-day?

Lord, I have lost a toy  
With which I love to play;  
And as You were Yourself a Boy  
Of just my age to-day,  
Oh, Son of Mary, would You mind  
To help me now my toy to find?

REV. JOHN B. TABB

## FRANK'S FIRST CONFESSION

inning      finish      shocked      quarrel  
ninth      beautiful      soul

One beautiful summer day, some years ago, a number of little boys were playing ball in a large field.

At the end of the ninth inning, the score was four to four. So it took another inning to finish the game.

At the close of the next inning, the score was six to four.

Shortly after this, the boys began to quarrel about the game.

They called each other names; and one of them became angry and took the Holy Name of Jesus in vain.

The other boys were shocked. They told him that it was a great sin.

When Frank went home that evening, he was very sad.

“What is the matter, my child?” asked the mother.

“Did some of the big boys hit you, my son?”

“No, mother; no one did anything to me. I did it myself.”

“And what did you do, my boy?”

Frank then told his mother about the quarrel, and how he used the Holy Name of Jesus.

“The big boys said, mother, that it is a sin, and that I ought to get it off my soul as soon as I can.”

confession      sorry      comfort  
absolution

Frank's mother tried to comfort him. She said to him: "God will forgive you, my child, if you are truly sorry for what you have done, and if you tell the sin in confession."

"But I do not know how to go to confession, mother."

"I will tell you all about it after supper, my dear."

After preparing for a few weeks, Father Summers told him that he knew enough to go to confession.

The next Friday afternoon, Frank and his mother went to the church.

After saying his prayers for a short time, Frank went into the confessional.

He told all his sins, and the number of times of each sin, to the priest; and he said that he was very sorry for them.

The priest spoke kindly to the boy, and gave him absolution.

When Frank came out of the confessional, he was no longer sad. A sweet smile lighted up his face.

He went to the altar, and thanked the dear Jesus for having taken away his sins. Then he said from his heart: "I will never again take Your Holy Name in vain, dear Jesus."

## STRANGE FRIENDS



together      weather      pride

A fat little rat,  
And a thin little cat  
Went out for a walk together.  
Said the fat little rat  
To the thin little cat:  
“Oh, isn’t this beautiful weather!”

When they came to a spot,  
Where the sun was quite hot,  
They said: “Let us take a short rest.”



And just while they sat,  
They saw a tall hat  
Making its way to the west.

“Can you catch that tall hat?”  
Said the fat little rat.  
“I can catch it, I think, if I try.”  
So after the hat  
Ran the thin little cat,  
And the fat little rat said, “Good-by.”

When the cat caught the hat,  
She went back to the rat  
With a great deal of catlike pride.  
Though she looked all around,  
He could nowhere be found;  
And then she sat down and cried.

## THE HEN AND THE FOX

haste      tongue      frosty

One frosty night, Mr. Fox was very hungry. During the day, he had not caught a bird or a rabbit.

“I know what I shall do,” said the fox. “I will go to Mr. Lake’s henhouse not far from here, and see if I cannot get something to eat.”

On going into the henhouse, Mr. Fox saw a big fat hen standing on one leg.

He could not get near her, however.

At last he thought of a plan to make the hen come down to him.

“I heard that you were sick, Mrs.

Hen," he said. "I have come to see you. Do you want me to be your doctor? I will feel your pulse, look at your tongue, and tell you how to get better."

"I thank you very much," said Mrs. Hen. "You are very kind to come to see me. But I cannot leave this warm spot. I am afraid of catching cold."

ADAPTED

PHONIC DRILL

air	bare	bear	or
fair	care	pear	for
hair	dare	tear	nor
pair	fare	wear	
stair	hare	swear	born
	pare		corn
there	share	cork	horn
where	square	fork	morn



## THE HUNGRY FOX

beneath          crept          swampy          prey  
                         sought

A hungry fox, I wish to state,  
Went out one night just after eight.

He came unto a little shed  
In which the hens had gone to bed.

He rang the bell. Then one hen said:  
“Pray, don’t you know we’re all in bed?”

When all the hens began to snore,  
He made a hole beneath the door.

He crept into the little den,  
And took unto himself a hen.

With all due haste, his home he sought;  
The hen upon his back he brought.

While running through a swampy bog,  
He chanced to meet a great big dog.

“Give up that hen,” the dog then said,  
“Or I will have to shoot you dead.”

The sly old fox gave up his prey,  
And to the dog he said, “Good-day.”



JESUS EXPELS THE MONEY CHANGERS

*Hofmann*

## DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE

doves          drove          market          driven

One day, our Blessed Lord went into the temple to pray.

The temple, you know, was the church. It was the house of God. It was the place of prayer.

As Jesus was going into the temple, He saw, inside the door, a number of men buying and selling cows, sheep, and doves.

They talked and shouted as if they were out on the street.

They forgot that they were in God's house.

When our Blessed Lord saw how they

were acting, He was very angry.

So He made a whip, and drove them out of the temple.

He told them that they must not make a market-place of the house of God.

Always think of this, boys and girls, whenever you go into a church.

## OUT OF BOUNDS

cast          comrades

A little Boy of heavenly birth

But far from home to-day,

Comes down to find His ball, the earth,

That sin has cast away.

O comrades, let us one and all

Join in to get Him back His ball.

REV. JOHN B. TABB





CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus clothes India  
Catholic Italy Portugal

It was a very cold evening in the month of February. Mr. Long and his happy family were seated around the fire.

Baby Long had climbed upon her father's knee.

The oldest boy was wishing that his father would tell them a story.

Just then one of the girls said: "Will you please tell us a story; papa?"

"Why, children, I think I have told you every story I know. Did I ever tell you about the great man who found America?"

“No, papa; but we should like to hear about him.”

Mr. Long then told this story:—

A great many years ago, a little boy was born in Italy.

His name was Christopher Columbus, and he lived near the sea.

His good father had to work every day to get food and clothes for his family.

When little Christopher was old enough, he was sent to school.

He was very fond of drawing.

He would spend hours at a time, studying the map of the world.

After school, he used to work in his father's shop.

When Christopher grew older, he liked to watch the big ships coming in and going out.

A few years later, he left his home in Italy, and went to Portugal.

Here he became a sailor.

At this time, every sailor was trying to find a new way to India.

India was a rich country many miles away.

Columbus said that he could reach India by sailing to the west.

Many people laughed at him; and some said that he was foolish.

But the great Columbus did not seem to mind what they said about him. He felt that he was right.

seven refused dangerous journey  
island

Columbus asked many rich people to help him to buy ships, but one after another refused to do anything for him.

At last, the king and the queen of Spain gave him money to buy three ships.

Before leaving Spain, Columbus and all his sailors went to Mass.

These Catholic men asked our dear Lord to guide them in their dangerous journey over the sea.

With a happy heart, the great Columbus started on his way to India.

Soon, those on the ships could see nothing but the wide ocean.

After sailing for many days, the sailors wanted to turn back.

They felt that the journey was too dangerous.

But the brave Columbus was not afraid.

He said to his sailors: "Don't fear, my men. We shall get to India."

A few days later, the sailors again asked Columbus to return to Spain. They even planned to throw him into the sea, if he did not turn back.

Columbus said to them: "Let us sail three days more, and if we do not see land in that time, I will return."

Not long after this, one of the sailors saw land away off.

He ran to Columbus and told him.  
Then the great Columbus went on his knees and thanked God.

When the ships reached land, Columbus and some of his men went ashore.

Here again, he thanked God for having brought him safely to land, after seven long weeks on the ocean.

Then he placed a large cross in the ground, to show to the world that he was a Catholic.

The place where Columbus landed is an island not far from our country.

Now, when you are a little older, my dears, I will tell you some more about the great Christopher Columbus who found America.

## A CHILD'S WISH

I wish I were the little key  
That locks Love's Captive in,  
And lets Him out to go and free  
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell  
That tinkles for the Host,  
When God comes down each day to dwell  
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair,  
That holds the Blood of Love,  
When every flash lights holy prayer  
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower  
So near the Host's sweet face,



Or like the light that half an hour  
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,  
As on His mother's breast,  
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er  
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh! my God, I wish the most  
That my poor heart may be  
A home all holy for each Host  
That comes in love to me.

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN

#### PHONIC DRILL

ought	burn	book	cool
bought	turn	cook	fool
fought	churn	hook	pool
sought		look	tool
brought	nurse	took	spool
thought	purse	shook	school



# A KIND ACT

violin                  music                  Luigi                  front  
   crowd

A poor old man stood one day in front of a large store playing a violin.

Those who passed by did not seem to mind the player or his music.

Few, if any, gave him a cent.

Little children danced to his music  
for a time, and then passed on.

It was getting late in the evening, and the poor man had not earned enough to pay for his supper.

A kind stranger, who had been watching the old man, came up to him and said: "Let me take the violin, and you hold out your hat."

The gentleman began to play; and never did the violin speak in such tones as it did that evening.

The passing crowd stopped to hear the heavenly music; and money was poured into the poor man's hat.

When the stranger gave back the violin to the old man, the people began to ask: "Who is that wonderful player?"

With big tears in his eyes, the old man replied: "That is Luigi, the greatest violin player in the world."

ADAPTED

## THE MUSIC MAN

organ rousing cheer ` monkey among

“The organ man is down the street,  
So let us shake our tiny feet.”

With lively gait, the children ran  
To see once more the music man.

He raised his hat as they came near;  
And they gave him a rousing cheer.

The monkey, too, took off his hat,  
As on the fence he cutely sat.

With hat in hand, the monkey went  
Among the crowd to get a cent.

And then he threw a pretty kiss  
To every boy and girl, like this.



funeral

carried

weep

woman

## THE KINDNESS OF JESUS

During the three years that Jesus preached to the people, He did many very wonderful things.

One day, as He was walking along the street, He met a funeral.

The only son of a poor woman was

being carried to the grave.

The mother was crying as if her heart would break.

Our Blessed Lord stopped the funeral, and said to the mother: "Weep not."

Then He said to him who was dead: "Young man, I say to thee, arise."

And, wonderful to relate, he that was dead, sat up and began to speak.

When the people saw what Jesus had done, they fell on their knees, and gave thanks to God.

The poor mother's heart was now filled with joy. She did not forget to thank our dear Lord.

See how very kind and good Jesus was to that sad mother!

# THE BOOT, THE SHOE, AND THE SLIPPER

slipper      cobbler      daughter

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper  
Once lived in the cobbler's row.

But the Boot and the Shoe  
Would have nothing to do  
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their  
daughter

On the cobbler chanced to call.

And since neither the Boot  
Nor the Shoe would suit,  
The Slipper went off to the ball.

REV. JOHN B. TABB

# THE TURKEY THAT KNEW IT ALL

parents      turkey      feathers      lesson

Once upon a time, there was a little turkey that thought she knew more than her parents.

One day, she said to her mother: "I am no longer a baby. I can take care of myself."

The mother said to her: "You are very young, my dear."

"Oh, mother," said the little turkey, "one would think that I were born a week ago."

"You want me to stay near you all the time."



“I want to tell you, my dear, that if you leave your parents, you will be sorry. Some sly fox may catch you.”

“Why, mother dear, I can run away from him.”

“If the fox sees you first, you cannot get away from him.”

One day, she left the home of her parents. After running about for some time, she rested under the shade of a big tree, and fell asleep.

A sly fox was hiding near by.

“Now is my chance to catch that little turkey,” he said.

Then the fox stole up quietly; and the little turkey was dead before she had a chance to run away.

When the little turkey had not come home by bed time, the mother said: "I am afraid that something has happened to my baby. She ought to be here now."

Then she told Mr. Turkey; and both of them looked everywhere for their baby.

They found nothing but her feathers on the grass. They knew that some sly fox had killed her.

This made the parents of the little turkey very sad.

"Let this be a lesson to you all," said the mother. "Never forget that children should always do what their parents tell them."

## THE HEADSTRONG TURKEY

somebody      covered      headstrong

Once a little turkey,  
Fond of her own way,  
Would not ask the old ones,  
When to go or stay ;  
She said : " I'm not a baby,  
Here I am half grown ;  
Surely, I am big enough  
To run about alone ! "

Off she went, but somebody  
Hiding saw her pass ;  
Soon like snow her feathers  
Covered all the grass.

PHOEBE CARY

## WHY MOTHER LOVES JAMES

James      garden      grumble      else  
hurt

“Do you know, Alice, why mother loves James better than she loves me?”

“I think I do, Fred.”

“Will you please tell me, Alice?”

“I am afraid that you will not like to hear it, Fred.”

“Never mind, Alice; I want to know.”

“In the first place, James is very good to mother. He helps her in the house. He brings up wood and coal. He runs to the store for her.

“Before and after school, he asks his mother if there is anything that he can do

for her. And he is always most willing to help her in every way he can.

“But when she asks you to do something for her, you begin to grumble. You say you have other things to do. You have to see some boy, or you have to go out to play ball, or you want to go down to the pond to skate.

“You are not kind to your mother; and she knows it. You are not thoughtful.

“That is why mother loves James better than she loves you.

“Now do not feel hurt. I have told you the truth. You said you wished to know it.”

“Oh, I know what I shall do,” said

Fred. "I will be just as kind to mother as James is."

All during the next week, Mrs. Woods could not understand why Fred was up so early every morning trying to help her.

At the end of the week, she said to him: "I cannot tell you how pleased I am with you, Fred. I always knew that you had a good heart. But you thought only of yourself.

"Now, that you have changed, you have made me very happy."

The big tears were in Fred's eyes as he went to his mother and said: "Do you love me now as much as you love James?"

"Oh, yes, Fred; I love you just as much. You are a dear boy."



*Ploekhirst*

OUR LORD'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

## PALM SUNDAY

deaf      branches      thanksgiving      honor

The better the people knew our dear Lord, the more they loved Him.

He cured the sick ; He raised the dead to life ; He gave sight to the blind ; He made the deaf hear.

All the people talked of the wonderful works He did.

One Sunday, when He was coming to Jerusalem, the people, wishing to honor Him, placed palm branches on the street.

They sang songs of praise and thanksgiving.

They even wanted to make Jesus their King.



## LITTLE THINGS

narrow        circles        Christian  
              grief        wealth

Hearts good and true  
Have wishes few  
In narrow circles bounded,  
And hope that lives  
On what God gives  
Is Christian hope well founded.

Small things are best ;  
Grief and unrest  
To rank and wealth are given ;  
But little things  
On little wings  
Bear little souls to heaven.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER

## LITTLE TONY

often      Tony

Once, there was a little boy who came late to school very often.

This boy's name was Tony.

The Sister spoke to him many times about coming late to school. But Tony did not seem to mind it.

After a few weeks, Sister told him that the next time he came late, he would have to bring his mother.

Toward the end of that week, Tony was late again.

When Sister saw him coming into the class-room, she said: "You are late again, Tony. Where is your mother?"

Did I not tell you to bring her with you the next time you were late?"

"I did bring her, Sister," said Tony.

"Where is she, Tony?"

Then little Tony put his hand into his pocket, and took out an old picture.

"Here she is," he said. "This is the only mother I have. She died when I was two years old; and now she is up in heaven."

"So your good mother is in heaven, Tony?" said Sister. "Who takes care of you now?"

"There is no one left but father and me. My father goes out to work every morning at six o'clock, and wakes me up before he leaves. But sometimes I

fall asleep again, and I do not always wake up in time to get my breakfast and be on time for school. That is why I am late so often."

"Poor little Tony," said Sister. "I am very sorry for you; and I will do all I can to help you."

"I will ask one of the big boys who lives near you to call you every morning, so that you may not be late for school."

Little Tony was now very happy. He felt that Sister was his friend.

During the rest of the year, he was one of the boys first in the class-room every morning; and he was always willing to help the good Sister.



*Hofman*

THE CRUCIFIXION

## JESUS ON THE CROSS

arrested      judge      shoulder  
suffered

Though very many people believed in our Blessed Lord, there were some who did not like to see Him receiving any honor.

These wicked men began to tell lies about Him.

They said that Jesus was not a good man; and then they had Him arrested.

When our dear Lord was brought before the judge to be tried, these wicked men told many more lies about Him, so that He would surely be put to death.

The judge then gave Jesus over to the wicked men. They beat Him with whips till the blood began to flow.

After this, they put a crown of thorns on His sacred head. Then they placed a big cross on His shoulders.

While carrying this large cross, our dear Lord fell three times.

When He reached the place where He was to be put to death, they took the cross from His shoulders, placed it on the ground, and made Him lie upon it.

Then the soldiers drove big long nails into His hands and feet, and raised the cross in the air.

There our Blessed Savior suffered for three long hours before He died.

## SPRING SONG

Winter days are dreary,  
Winter nights are long, —  
Cometh March, and robin breaks  
The silence with a song.  
Cometh April, shine and show'r  
Freely forth to fling,  
Breaking beauty's slumber with  
The tender touch of Spring.

Oh, ye folks so dreary,  
Brooding over wrong! —  
Cast away your sadness when  
You hear the robin's song.  
Let the season to your souls  
Mirth and music bring,  
Let your hearts be radiant with  
The sunshine of the Spring.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY





# RUTH AND THE LITTLE ANT

curls      broad      lead      Ruth  
pleasant

One summer morning not long ago, a sweet little girl with jet black curls sat on the ground watching a little ant at work.

The little girl's name was Ruth.

When the little ant saw Ruth, he stopped working and looked at her.

Then Ruth said: "Please tell me, Mr. Ant, what you are doing."

"I am making a door for my house, little girl. I did have a good door, but a big man came along, stepped on it, and filled it up."

“Have you any windows in your house?” asked Ruth.

“Oh, no; we have no windows.”

“I wish I could go down into your house, Mr. Ant. I should like to see it,” said Ruth.

“I am afraid that you are too big,” said the ant.

“What does your house look like, Mr. Ant?”

“If you could get into my house, you would see long broad halls that lead to all parts of it, and you would see many tiny rooms where we sleep.”

“What do you do in the winter time?” asked Ruth.

“In winter time, we go to bed and

have a great long sleep."

"Have you any little children, Mr. Ant?"

"Oh, yes, little girl; I have many little children, and I love them dearly.

"When I am not at work, I play and sing for them. In pleasant weather, I sometimes take them out for a walk."

"Where do you take your walks, Mr. Ant?"

"Out here in the sunshine, little girl. I must leave you now."

"Will you come back this afternoon?" asked Ruth.

"I think not, little girl. I shall be very busy."

ADAPTED

## MORNING SONG

birdie      peep

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“Let me fly;” says little birdie;  
    “Mother, let me fly away.”  
“Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”  
So she rests a little longer,  
    Then she flies away.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Be always good and do your best,  
Then God, my child, will do the rest.





*Hofmann*

EASTER MORN

120

## HE IS RISEN

crucified      linen      rolled

Apostles      forty

After our dear Lord had suffered and died on the Cross on Good Friday, His friends wrapped His Sacred Body in fine linen, and laid it in a new grave which had been cut out of a rock.

Early the next Sunday morning, some friends of Jesus came to the place where He had been buried. They said to one another: "Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the grave?"

But when they came to the grave, they saw that the stone had been rolled back, and that the Body of Jesus was not

there.

While they were wondering what had happened, an angel said to them: "Be not afraid. You seek Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified. He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him."

After rising from the dead, Jesus remained forty days on earth. During this time, many people saw Him.

At the end of the forty days, He called together His Apostles and friends. Then lifting up His hands to heaven, He blessed them.

While they looked on, He went up to heaven, where He now sits at the right hand of God.

## QUESTIONS

When was Jesus born?

Why was He born in a stable?

Who came to see Him?

Why did St. Joseph go to Egypt?

Who were the Holy Family?

What was St. Joseph's trade?

Did the Boy Jesus help him?

What happened when Jesus was twelve years of age?

Where did they find the Boy Jesus?

What was He doing there?

How long did Jesus stay at home?

What did He do then?

What did our Blessed Lord do to the buyers and sellers in the temple?



Why did He do so ?

Why did the people love Jesus ?

What did the people do on Palm  
Sunday ?

Who had our Lord arrested ?

What did the soldiers do before He  
was put to death ?

How many times did Jesus fall while  
He was carrying the cross ?

How did they fix Him to the cross ?

How long did He suffer on the cross ?

Where was He buried ?

How long did Jesus remain in the  
grave ?

On what day did He arise from the  
dead ?

Where is our Blessed Lord now ?

## WHAT THE BIRD DID

Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop ;  
So I said, "Little bird,  
Will you stop, stop, stop ?

I was going to the window  
To say, "How do you do ?"  
But he shook his little tail,  
And far away he flew.

OLD ENGLISH RHYME

### PHONIC DRILL

good	room	moon	hoop
hood	bloom	noon	loop
wood	broom	soon	droop
stood	gloom	spoon	scoop
			sloop
roof	food	goose	stoop
proof	brood	loose	troop



## THE TWIN BROTHERS

twins          baptize          fellow          rosy  
                 height          ribbon

Once upon a time, there lived in the country little baby twins.

They looked so much alike, that their mother could not tell them apart.

When they were about a week old, they were taken to the church to be baptized.

One of them was called Joseph, and the other was called John.

After they were baptized, the mother put a silk ribbon around Joseph's wrist.

Joseph seemed to be very proud of the silk ribbon on his wrist.



One day, while the twins were in the crib, the two little fellows had a quarrel.

John pulled the ribbon off of Joseph's wrist.

When the mother came to take them out of the crib, she did not know Joseph from John.

When the father came home that noon, she told him what had happened.

"We must try to find out which is John," he said.

Then he took one of the twins in his arms, and called him John. But the baby did not seem to mind.

Then the father said: "Is Joseph papa's pet?"

This made the little fellow smile.

The father was now sure that he had Joseph in his arms.

"How shall I mark him now?" he said. "I know what I shall do. I will tie a string around his big toe."

As time went on, the twins grew bigger and bigger.

They had dark blue eyes, black curly hair, red rosy cheeks, fat chubby faces, long pointed noses, and large flat ears.

They were always dressed alike; and,

strange to say, they were the same height and the same weight.

Every one liked the twins, they were such happy little fellows.

One day, John did not do what his mother told him. So she said to him: "You are a bad boy, John."

She took Joseph to the city to get him a new suit, and she left John at home. This made John very sad.

While riding on the street car with his mother, Joseph was very proud.

He said to himself: "I am mamma's pet."

When they reached the city, Joseph and his mother went into a big store.

At last, the mother found the very

suit that she wanted. She took Joseph into the dressing-room, and tried the suit on him.

Joseph liked it very much.

As he was coming out of the dressing room, he happened to stand in front of a large looking-glass.

Something made him turn around; and there he saw in the looking-glass



what he thought was his brother John, with a new suit on.

Joseph at once began to cry.

“What is the matter, Joseph?” asked the mother. “Why are you crying? Are you sick?”

“Did you not leave John at home, mamma, because he was a bad boy?”

“Yes, Joseph; I did. Why do you ask me?”

“Because I saw John over there, and he had a new suit on just like mine.”

“Where is he?” asked the mother.

“Why, he is right there.”

Joseph’s mother began to laugh. This made Joseph cry louder.

Then the mother said to him: “Why,



you foolish boy, that is not John; that is your own picture in the looking-glass."

"Please, mamma," he said to his mother, "do not tell John.

"I have been very selfish. I love John; and I wish you would buy a suit for him, too."

#### PHONIC DRILL

deer	deep	fail	bead
jeer	keep	hail	lead
cheer	peep	mail	read
queer	weep	nail	knead
sheer	creep	pail	plead
sneer	sheep	rail	
steer	sleep	sail	dove
		tail	love
niece	fudge	frail	glove
piece	judge	snail	shove

## THE LOOKING-GLASS

straight

reason

perhaps

view



“I’m very plain, as you can see,  
Yet every one looks straight at me.

“Perhaps they think that I look queer;  
Or that I ought not to be here.”

“Oh, that is not the reason why  
The people look as they pass by.

“In you they see a likeness true,  
Of how they look to others’ view.”

## THE LITTLE GUARDS

autumn    basket    broken    lady    aunt

“Just the day to pick nuts!” said a party of children as they jumped off of the electric car.

“Oh, see all the big nuts on the ground!” said Agnes.

It was a beautiful autumn day. The children were wrapped in warm coats.

Each child had a large basket of good things to eat.

Just as they started to pick nuts, they heard some one calling.

“Oh, Aunt Mary,” said Alice, “see that old lady over there! She is calling us. I wonder what she wants.”

They all went over to see the old lady. She was crying, because the wind had blown down her fence the night before.

She was afraid that the cows in the next field would come in and eat up all her corn.

“I should have had that corn put into the barn last week,” she said. “But the man did not have time to do it. If the cows eat the corn, I shall have no means to support myself.”

“Let us all stand guard till the man comes to mend the fence,” said one of the boys.

“You know, boys and girls, how soldiers stand on guard,” said Aunt Mary.

Soon twelve little soldiers were standing on guard along the broken fence. Each of them had a long stick which Aunt Mary had given him.



When the cows from the next field came up, and saw the guards with long sticks, they made up their mind that there was no chance to get into the cornfield. So they returned at once to their own field.

The children remained on guard till noon time.

They marched back and forth like soldiers.

In the meantime Aunt Mary gave the guards many good things to eat.

minute	potatoes	fried
gingerbread	coffee	cookies
enjoyed		fresh

At last, the carpenter came to fix the fence.

The guards went at once to their baskets to get some more lunch. The country air had made them hungry.

“I fear that there is not very much left in your baskets for dinner,” said

Aunt Mary to the children; "and I am sorry, too."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" said some one in the woods near by; "I am coming."

All the children looked around at once, and saw the old lady and a strong man bringing baskets and pails. "I have cooked a little dinner for the guards," said the old lady. "They did me a good turn this morning, and I want to show them that I am thankful."

Out of the big baskets came hot baked potatoes, fried chicken, red rosy apples, sweet grapes, fresh gingerbread, and nut cookies.

The pails were filled with hot tea

and coffee, and some fresh milk.

Oh, how the boys and girls enjoyed that hot dinner!

Oh, how they thanked the old lady for being so kind and good to them!

After dinner, the children filled their baskets with nuts; and went back to the city, after having spent a very pleasant day in the country.

ADAPTED

#### PHONIC DRILL

her	wert	gird	first
herb	nerve	third	thirst
verb	serve	shirk	dirt
germ	swerve	smirk	shirt
term	fir	girl	skirt
sperm	sir	twirl	squirt
fern	stir	whirl	birth
stern	whir	firm	girth
pert	bird	squirm	mirth





## OLD JACK FROST

icy	intend	pinch
toes	freeze	obey

“Oh, Mr. Frost!

How do you do?

Are you quite well?

What news have you?”

“I’m very well,”

Jack Frost then said.

“I’ve just now left

My icy bed.”

“Now, Mr. Frost,

Please kindly say,

How long do you

Intend to stay?”

“For three long months  
I will be here;  
To make good ice  
From water clear.”

“Please, Mr. Frost,  
Don’t pinch my toes,  
Don’t freeze my hands,  
Don’t bite my nose.”

“All right, my friend,  
Let me just say,  
If you be good,  
I will obey.”

“Oh, Mr. Frost!  
I love to see  
The pictures that  
You paint for me.”

## THE CRY BABY

habit          ponies          Billy          began  
promise          blackboard          rule

I want to tell you, boys and girls,  
about my little brother Frank.

Frank was a very good boy, as a  
rule; but he had one bad habit.

If he did not get what he wanted,  
he cried like a baby.

Father and mother told him many  
times that big boys don't cry.

One day, something went wrong, and  
brother Frank began to cry.

Aunt Nell went over to Frank's  
blackboard, took up a piece of chalk,  
and drew a picture of a little boy.

“Once upon a time, there was a little boy whose name began with F,” said Aunt Nell.

This made brother Frank cry all the louder.

“Sometimes,” Aunt Nell said, “his face looked like this, and sometimes like that.”



Frank was not crying now. He was standing near Aunt Nell looking at the funny pictures on the blackboard.

“This boy’s name began with F, but it was not Frank. Oh, no; it was Fred. He lived in the country. His father had horses, cows, pigs, ducks, hens, chickens, and almost everything but ponies.

“One evening, a man came to Fred’s house with something to sell.



“‘Oh, father, is it a pony?’ asked Fred.

“It did look like a pony, but it was

not one. It was a dear little donkey with long ears and bright eyes.

“ ‘He is six years old,’ the man said.

“ ‘Does he cry?’ asked Fred’s father.

“ ‘He does not know how to cry, but I think that he can learn.’

“ ‘Oh, but we do not want him to learn, do we, Fred?’

“ ‘No, sir,’ said Fred.

“ ‘Well,’ said the man, ‘if he does not hear any one crying, perhaps he will not learn how to cry.’

“ ‘Oh, papa, won’t you please buy that little donkey for me?’ said Fred.

“ In a short time, Fred and the donkey were very good friends.

“ The donkey’s name was Billy.

“Every morning, Billy came up to the side door.

“One morning, something went wrong at breakfast, and Fred began to cry.

“All at once, a strange noise was heard outside the door.

“‘E-aw, E-aw, E-aw-aw!’ said the donkey.

“Fred’s father jumped up from the breakfast table, and looked out of the door.

“‘Oh, dear! Oh, dear!’ he said. ‘It is Billy. Now he has learned to cry. A crying boy and a crying donkey — that is too much! We cannot keep them both. We have to keep the boy. So we must get rid of the donkey.’

“Fred ran to his father and said,  
‘Oh, papa, please don’t sell my donkey;  
and I promise you that I will never  
again be a cry baby.’

“‘All right, Fred; I will not sell  
him this time.’

“Fred tried very hard not to be a  
cry baby. In that way, he kept his  
dear little donkey.”

ADAPTED

## A SWEET MEMORY

memory      full

Though many things I soon forgot,  
There’s one thing holds its place,  
I learned it as a little child:

“Hail, Mary, full of grace!”

SUSAN L. EMERY



## THE CREATOR

creatures      open      glowing      colors  
Almighty

All things bright and beautiful,  
All things great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful, —  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings, —  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And tongues that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty  
Who has made all things well.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

## THE GOLD FISH

twenty          globe          quarter

“Oh, see the gold fish! How pretty they are!

“Papa said that you can buy a gold fish for twenty-five cents. The glass globe in which the fish lives costs one dollar.”

“Oh, that is all right. I think that I have more than two dollars in my bank. I will ask my mother if I may use a dollar and a quarter of it.”

Tom's mother gave him the money.

Then Tom and his friend went into the store and bought a gold fish and a globe.

“Do you know, my boy, how to take care of the fish?” asked the man in the store.

“Let me tell you what to do then. When you go home, fill the globe with fresh water, put the gold fish into it. Two or three times a week, pour off half the water, and fill the globe again with fresh water.

“Off and on, it is well to put the gold fish into another dish, and wash out the globe. A fish, you know, likes to live in a clean house.

“You must buy a little green plant which grows in the water. You can get it for five cents. This plant helps to keep the water fresh.

“You must also buy some fish food which you can get here in the store for ten cents a box.”

Tom thanked the man, and promised to do just as he said.

The next time he came into the store, he told the man that the gold fish was getting along very well.

“I think, however, that he is a little lonesome,” said Tom. “So I now want to buy another gold fish.”

### A BRAVE MAN'S HOPE

I hope in Thee, O Christ; on earth I never  
Blushed for Thy Cross nor Thee;  
And on the Judgment Day, before Thy Father,  
Thou wilt not blush for me.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY

I saw her walking through the field,  
God's mother with her Son,  
And every little flower-bell pealed  
To praise the Holy One.

Oh, every little rose upturned  
To wave as He did pass,  
And every little sunbeam burned  
Its incense on the grass!

Oh, every little piping bird  
Did trumpet from the tree,  
And every little lambkin heard,  
And danced, God's Lamb to see!

Oh, Nature all did serenade  
God's mother and her Son;  
And then I knew why God had made  
His creatures — every one!

REV. HUGH F. BLUNT

## WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO

Francis          communion          happiest  
to-morrow          breathe

Once upon a time, there lived a little boy named Francis King.

His parents thought that there was no boy in all the world like Francis. And I think that they were right.

When he was eight years of age, he began to prepare for his First Holy Communion.

One day, Father Summers told the boys and the girls of the class, that it was a great sin to remain away from Mass on a Sunday or a holyday.

This made Francis think of his father

who did not go to Mass. And the more he thought of it, the sadder he became.

When Francis came home from the Communion Class that evening, his mother said to him: "Why, what's the matter, my boy? You look sad."

Francis then told his mother why he was sad.

The day before Francis was to receive his First Holy Communion, he went to his father and said: "I want you to do something for me, papa."

His father said to him: "I am busy now. Come to-morrow, and I will see about it."

Francis returned to his room with a sad heart. He did not, however, give

up all hope. He began to pray before the little altar.

After saying many prayers, he went back to his father's room, and said:

“I want you, papa, to come to Holy Communion with me to-morrow. Now, please do not refuse me. If you do, to-morrow will not be a happy day for me.”

“Very well, Francis; I will go with you. But you must tell Father Summers in the morning, that you have brought your careless father to confession.”

Bright and early the next morning, Mr. and Mrs. King, the four girls, and Francis walked to St. Mary's Church.



Father Summers was in the church when they got there. So Francis told him that his father wished to go to confession.

Then all the family received Holy Communion together.

Later on, when they were eating breakfast, Francis said: "This truly is the happiest day of my life."

## THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Mary, — our comfort and our hope, —

O may that word be given

To be the last we sigh on earth, —

The first we breathe in heaven.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

# WORD LIST

9	wolf	dropped	death
eight	hungry	honest	wicked
moon	woods	35	Herod
burning	better	briny	43
wonderful	before	ocean	family
10	short	limbs	enough
morn		motion	angry
self	25		infant
another	understand	36	support
11	window	winter	
crib	breakfast	grown-up	45
ago	27	people	given
only	homage	clear	foolish
12	tones	candle	beanstalk
gates			believe
donkey	28	37	
Virgin	thankful	Abraham	51
	lion	Lincoln	fairy
17	gnaw	stories	giant
been	move	39	blood
Riding	happened	honey	golden
Hood			pocket
truly	33	41	Englishman
18	gentleman	soldiers	followed
yellow	mistaken	Egypt	

# WORD LIST

56	64	75	83
tuneful	hole	together	cast
fragrant	toward	weather	comrades
prize	carry	pride	85
bitter			Christopher
combs	70		Columbus
envy	polite	77	clothes
busy	son	haste	India
		tongue	Catholic
	71	frosty	Italy
58	inning		Portugal
neither	finish		
return	shocked	79	88
Nazareth	quarrel	beneath	refused
Jerusalem	ninth	crept	dangerous
temple	beautiful	swampy	journey
electric	soul	prey	seven
questions	matter	sought	island
			93
62	73	82	violin
wrist	absolution	doves	music
cooky	confession	drove	Luigi
butter	sorry	market	front
woodchuck	comfort	driven	crowd

# WORD LIST

95	covered	113	126
organ	headstrong	arrested	twins
rousing		judge	baptize
cheer	103	shoulder	fellow
monkey	James	suffered	rosy
among	grumble		height
	else	116	ribbon
96	hurt	curls	
funeral		broad	133
carried	107	lead	straight
weep	deaf	Ruth	perhaps
woman	branches	pleasant	view
	thanksgiv-		reason
98	ing		
slipper	honor		134
cobbler		119	autumn
daughter	108	birdie	basket
	narrow	peep	broken
99	circles		lady
parents	Christian	121	aunt
turkey	grief	crucified	
feathers	wealth	linen	137
lesson		rolled	minute
	109	apostles	potatoes
102	often	forty	fried
somebody	Tony		

# WORD LIST

gingerbread	toes	147	149
coffee	freeze	memory	twenty
cookies	obey	full	globe
enjoyed			quarter
fresh	142		
	habit	148	153
	ponies	creatures	Francis
140	Billy	opens	communion
icy	promise	glowing	breathe
intend	blackboard	colors	happiest
pinch	rule	Almighty	to-morrow









